

A Boy From the Village

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A Boy From the Village

by [Whoreofaneboy](#)

Summary

George is a strong young man, perhaps not physically, but he is resilient, and determined to do what he can to keep his village safe. He believes he would do anything to keep them safe.

A pillager by the name of Dream has been keeping an eye on the village for quite some time, and has taken a strong liking to George in particular. He's watching everything George does from atop his tower, deep in the dark forest.

When he strays too far inside, a bored Dream takes full advantage, and holds George under the tip of his arrow, giving him a choice: Beat Dream's game and return safely to his village, or lose/refuse and be completely at Dream's mercy.

Notes

This will definitely contain serious sexual content and graphic depictions of violence. If those things set you off, please do not read it. If you're a little fucked up and that's what you're looking for, then welcome home. Smut will be abt chapter 3 or 4 so try to be patient. Encouragement is always appreciated :)

The Tower

There's nothing particularly special about George's village, but it's the place where he grew up, and he wouldn't trade it for the world. It was a tad bit cheesy, but honorable nonetheless, to find himself willing protect his home with his life. He'd felt that way since he was young, well younger, he was still just a few years past adulthood, unsure how to navigate it.

Now he sat, comfortably, in early morning mist, whetstone in one hand, dagger in the other. As he sharpened absently, his eyes wandered to the dark forest bordering his home. The trees were tall, and thick, their aging bark near menacing. Between their trunks a road of darkness, no matter how many times he attempted to navigate it, it felt foreign and confusing. He felt watched, gaze returning to the knife in his hand, deeming it adequately sharp with a test that left his pale finger oozing scarlet.

The expanse of the village behind him was quiet and still as he looked back upon it, considering fetching Sapnap, who was no doubt still asleep. He decided against it, Sapnap had been out late last night, he needed rest. Besides, George had a special mission today, as nervous as it made him. His fingers twitched and flexed on the hilt of his dagger as he mulled over his own ambitions.

Deep, deep in the forest, just barely visible from the highest vantage point of the village, there was a watchtower, but it was... different. In architecture, and astounding height, well built, and better concealed. No hordes of pillagers had come to raid his little town, and though most of the villagers believed it was best to ignore, George simply couldn't feel safe until he understood why it was there.

Throwing his crossbow on his back, and picking up his attempted map of the forest he breathed in deep, and forced himself to stop fidgeting.

When he pushed passed the thick treeline, he was instantly submerged in chilling darkness, the only light a grayish haze in the small gaps between trees. Yet George did his best to navigate, looking frequently at his 'map' and the approximate location of the watchtower. A few times he considered climbing a tree to get a better look, but they were all too tall, branches up to high, with bark slimy and soft from morning dew.

He walked for what must have been hours, a lack of landmarks probably had him going in circles. Surely he had to be close. Every sound, the snapping of twigs or rustling of a bush made George jump. As much as he tried to act strong he was fear stricken by the ominous feeling of being alone, so deep in the forest. He looked around, and behind constantly, even checking for potholes in the ground.

But George never thought to look up.

By the time he found the tower he was exhausted, and nervous. He would have thought himself the adventurous type, but he was too scared to go near it. Rightfully so. A shape had dropped down from the tree, and in an instant the wind was knocked out of him as his back slammed into the ground. His crossbow was tossed to the side, and his arms pinned down firmly to the damp forest floor.

George's heart hammered in his chest, only beating faster when he finally gathered the brain power to look at his attacker. It was a man, legs on either side of George, caging him in. His face was hidden by a white mask, with a crudely drawn smile on it. Dirty blond hair fell over the mask's edge, peeking out from under a green hood. George could hear him breathing heavily, and

could only imagine the expression on his face.

This must have been who was living in that tower.

“What are you doing all the way out here village boy?” The man sneered.

“George-wait how do you know where I’m from?”

“I’ve been watching you,” Dream said as if it was obvious, “and you reek of town softness.”

“Softness?” George hissed, struggling against Dream’s grip to no avail. “I came all the way out here to find you.”

“And who am I?” Dream prompted.

The man who lives in the tower, a thief, no doubt.”

“No, but close,” Dream tossed his head back, and George got the barest glimpse of his smile before he leaned in to his ear and whispered, “I’m Dream, and I’m a hunter.” George suddenly cared a lot less about being called, ‘soft’ and ‘village boy’ in that moment. He struggled again, this time more valiantly, but still useless. Dream was still grinning behind that mask, he just knew. Fear pumped in his veins and filled his thoughts. *Am I going to die...*? He thought.

“A-are you going to kill me?” George asked, in full panic mode now.

Dream was silent for a moment, considering. He let out a wheezy laugh, “no, I’m going to *hunt* you.” That word made George more nervous than he’d ever felt in his life.

George swallowed thickly, “what if i don’t want to be hunted?”

“Then you give up your only chance to make it back to that little village of yours.”

“What, what happens if you catch me?”

“You’ll find out, or maybe you’ll get away, but I doubt it.” Dream laughed again. George’s mind still raced, if he had any chance to escape this maniac he needed to take it.

“Okay, if you want to chase me, don’t you have to let me go?” He asked hesitantly, not wanting to overstep, but feeling violated by Dream’s hold on him.

Dream’s hand slid precisely down George’s body, removed the freshly sharpened knife from his belt, and pushed off the ground and George, standing up, and leaving him completely defenseless.

“You have five minutes,” Dream said casually, leaning in a bit closer, that cartoonish mask still concealing his face, somehow menacing. “Run,” he finished.

George ran.

The Hunt

Chapter Summary

George is resilient, and he will run as long he can. But Dream is persistent, and he has the practice. It has to end eventually.

Chapter Notes

Trying to keep the length at about 1000 words per chap, let me know if you want them to be longer though.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George ran like his life depended on it, and it did. He had never ran so hard, so far, so fast in his life. He went till his lungs bured and ached from the violent inhalation of cold forest air, till it felt like they were full of broken glass. And when he could no longer run he walked, feet refusing to stop as he cotinued to wheeze and pant.

It had been more than five minutes, or maybe it hadn't. But George felt eyes on him, felt the urge to keep moving forward, an animal instinct. George had hunted before, but this time he was the animal, the prey being stalked by a silent predator.

If Dream was behind him he made no sound, and far as George craned his neck, up and around and down, he never saw him. The only indication of the strange man's prescence was his uncanny intuition, warning him that he was under Dream's constant vigilance. The thought was terrifying.

George didn't know what would happen if Dream caught him, if he would kill him, or if he had more sinister intention. Dream had the air of a bored god, a cat playing with a mouse. He wouldn't be satisfied until he'd thoroughly broken George, and who knew what that could entail. George desperately wanted to avoid finding out.

So he kept moving, kept his feet shuffling forward, even as the forest started to darken. How long had it been? Was he going the right way? Maybe this forest would never end, and Dream was right there, waiting to pounce on George when he gave into cold and hunger.

That was another thing. George had drastically underestimated how cold it could get. He'd not dressed warmly enough. His coat was too thin, and he'd forgotten gloves. Chill seeped under the

cuffs of his trousers and numbed his legs, snuck in around his face and nipped his ears and nose. George was no medic but he was convinced he's soon lose his fingers to frostbite, and he kept them tucked in his pockets. It wasn't long before he felt a dull, aching chill throughout his whole body.

Already his movements were stiff and slow, and he knew he had to get warm. So he'd given into that soft human desire for the comfort of a fire, praying Dream was far enough away he wasn't in danger if he stopped. Paranoia peaked as he built a meager fire as quickly as possible, and huddled as close as he could without setting himself aflame. The contrast of heat against his cold extremities burned as he came to life once more, but he didn't care.

Something made his spine prickle. A sound, a human sound. It was the gentle echo of a man snickering, one who wasn't very far off. George knew he didn't have much time, and he bit his lip, savoring the warmth of the fire, but knowing how badly he needed to run. His lungs still hurt from panting, but he didn't have a choice.

Reluctantly he pulled himself to his feet, and starting jogging in the opposite direction of the snicker. First he was slow, swinging his arms, trying to keep a constant pace and cover as much ground as possible, but heard Dream's laugh, and his heart started to pound as he released adrenaline. His pace picked up, and he tried to ignore the biting cold, ears ringing as he focused on the rapid placement of his feet.

Don't trip, jump over that log, avoid that rock. That animal instinct within him knew Dream was coming, closer by the second. George was scared and he let the fear overrun him, but Dream was steady, calculating. He was an apex predator, with the stamina to keep going until George broke down. It wouldn't be long now.

George's adrenaline was stronger than he knew though. The cold had given him a headache, his ears ringing from the pain and pressure of cold air, but he kept going. His pace was inconsistent but rapid nonetheless, and he pushed, and pushed. Every step was towards salvation.

Eventually he reached a point where he no longer felt the pain. His legs were numb, and his strides were sloppy as he desperately tried to stay ahead. He heard Dream's laughing once more, and George knew he hadn't gained nearly enough ground to be safe. He still wasn't certain this was even the way back to the village. He was just going, hoping to end up somewhere, anywhere away from Dream.

George's body was running on instinct, in survival mode, but still he could only push it so far before it broke. He'd been in an endless state of sprint for what felt like days, and he was in pained despair. Every time he thought he'd gone far enough, he heard Dream's sadistic laughter from not-so far away, and it pushed him into overdrive again, and again, and again.

The pace George set was beginning to slow and not under his own volition. His entire body shook violently, and he felt nauseous, but he couldn't stop. Not yet. Not ever. His legs wobbled and fear and bile rose in his throat as he tried to keep his exhausted mind on track. But he hadn't paid attention to the small rock a few feet in front of him.

He fell, legs giving out completely, face slamming into ground as his arms were too weak to stop the fall. Doing everything in his power to keep going, he willed his muscles to move, to push him up, but they just refused. George knew how vulnerable he was like this, knew Dream couldn't be too far behind. But the only thing he could do was lie there, unresponsive, broken, completely taxed.

His eyes went wide as he heard the gentle sound of footsteps. Heavy boots stepped lightly on damp earth, just a few paces away from him. Then Dream was standing in front of him, lifting his head up, smile barely visible under the bottom of his mask from the low angle. George's eyes began to fill with tears.

Dream speaks smugly, a child declaring victory in a game, "I win."

Chapter End Notes

Things will probaby get dirty in the next chapter, I wanted to have good setup.
Comments are always appreciated!

By the Fire

Chapter Summary

“W-what are you going to do to me?” George asked anxiously. Dream smiled wide, placing a hand on George’s chest pushing him down onto the rug, and caging him in.

"Whatever I want."

Chapter Notes

Another 1000 word chap. This one gets dirty.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was too weak to resist as Dream lifted him up, carrying him bridle style, which seemed far too nice. It made George realized how much bigger Dream was than him, he was half a head taller, his limbs were longer, and he was stronger. He had a strong hold on George, and even if George had the strength to fight, it wouldn't be enough.

So George remained in an exhausted daze, as Dream took him god knew where. He was too tired to worry about what would happen to him, but he knew, deep in the pit of his stomach it wouldn't be good. He tried, to at least stay conscious, but his body was empty, and even fear wasn't enough to keep him running.

He slipped into cold oblivion.

When he awoke he was still chilled to the bone, but he found he could move, albeit stiffly and painfully. He was inside, lying on a rug in front of a fireplace with nothing but smoldering coals left in it. Instinctively, he moved closer, wincing in pain as he sat up. His clothes were still dirty, stained by dark earth from his fall, and being slammed into the ground by Dream.

Where was Dream? He wondered, a pang of fear in his chest. He'd expected to wake tied to a tree, Dream there to greet him, not alone by a fire. Dream had to be near, but maybe, just maybe George could slip away.

He looked around, there were weapons: knives, swords, bows, crossbows. They were tacked along the dark wood walls. Pushing himself up to his feet, still swaying slightly, movements stiff and

pained, he walked over and removed a small knife from the wall. As soon as he did though, the door to whatever room he was in swung open.

In an instant Dream had crossed the room and grabbed the knife from George's hand. He turned and threw it, embedding it to the hilt in the furthest wall.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Dream chuckled, and George's blood ran cold at the dangerous edge in his voice.

George's eyes were full of guilt and fear as he looked up at Dream. His mouth opened, closed again. He couldn't speak. He was terrified. *What is he going to do me?* He wondered.

"Nothing," George squeaked, hating how high his voice sounded. So feminine.

"Good," Dream said calmly, lifting the mask from his face and tossing it on the floor behind him. For a moment George was in awe of the young man in front of him. His face was vibrant, youthful, jaw sculpted from sharp angles, eyes a violent green. But the intent in those eyes snapped George back to his senses. Dream's gaze was hungry, he was that predator from deep in the forest, set to devour George, pick his bones clean.

"W-what are you going to do to me?" George asked anxiously. Dream smiled wide, placing a hand on George's chest and pushing him down onto the rug, caging him in.

"Whatever I want." Dream's hand slid slowly down his chest. "I thought it would be neat to fuck a village boy, and I've been watching you." George pulled his legs together, a firm fear gripping his whole body. He absolutely did not want Dream to touch him, but the other man's hand was already fidgeting with the hem of George's shirt. "I like what I see."

"Please," George croaked, panic rising in him every second, "Anything but that." *Just kill me.* He had a secret, one he really hoped Dream wouldn't find, but if he kept going, certainly would.

Dream rolled his eyes, and his hand dipped under the waistband of George's trousers. His hands were hot on George's cold skin as he felt, felt for something that wasn't there. Dream looked confused for a moment before looking up at George, cocking his head.

"I wasn't expecting a cunt."

“I-I’m not a girl,” George said through gritted teeth. Dream’s hand slid up his shirt, feeling where his small breast were bandaged very tight to his chest.

“Of course you’re not,” Dream consoled. He leaned in close, lips inches from George’s ear. “I don’t mind if you’re a little different.” George blushed furiously, trying to push Dream off, only succeeding in getting his hands pinned above his head. Dream continued, “I like boys like you.”

George hated being treated like a girl, he never wanted to be touched like one. It made him feel disgusting. His eyes started to tear up as he faced the fact Dream was going to get his way. George’s body was still too frail to resist as Dream kissed him forcefully. He closed his eyes and let his body go limp, praying for this to be over. But it was so far from over.

Dream kissed George until George thought he might pass out, tongue invading his mouth, teeth biting at his lower lip so hard it must’ve bled. He forced George’s legs apart, lowering himself so his hips rested between them. The pressure of a raging erection against George’s delicate bits caused him to whimper against Dream’s lips, as hard as he tried to ignore the sensations.

Sickness curled inside of George when Dream rolled his hips forward, tears rolling down his cheeks in a pathetic stream. Dream’s mouth ventured from George’s to the soft skin in the hollow of his jaw. He licked and sucked, teeth scraping skin as he marred it with tender purple bruises. *Ignore, ignore, ignore*, George thought, but his body was disgustingly sensitive, aroused by Dream’s touch.

George bit at his swollen lips in an attempt to keep silent, whines and whimpers still audible as Dream rutted against him harder and more frequently.

“Please,” George begged, “please stop.”

Dream did, he pulled away from George’s throat and looked him in the eye. He was smirking.

“If you can’t handle this you’re in for a rough night, George.” George whimpered again.

Sorry to cut it off right there ;) you'll get to see how far this goes soon. Still trying to keep my chapter lengths consistently short. I hope you enjoyed. I'd love it if you left a comment.

Closer

Chapter Summary

As his hand rose slowly higher George felt more desperate, more hopeless.

“Not there,” he pleaded, tears returning in full force.

Chapter Notes

Here's the chapter you've all been waiting for :>. It's not too long, i wanted to go make it longer and give it more detail but when i finished the first draft my computer died and I'm currently waiting on a new charger.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George panted and wheezed, his whole body sensitive, over touched. He didn't usually keep his bindings on for this long, and his chest felt tight, his ribs were sore, especially where he'd bruised from his fall. He was still clothed, still pinned under Dream and subject to his constant teasing and testing, but it'd been almost an hour, and he seemed to be getting bored.

George was beginning to feel dizzy from the bandages squeezing his chest. He wanted them off but he didn't want more of his body exposed to Dream. So he tried to focus on breathing deep and slow, but it was hard. Dream's exploration of his body still eliciting moans and whimpers. The friction he felt when Dream rolled his hips was near enough to start a fire.

George felt queazy.

“Stop,” he tried once more voice creaky, cheeks still damp from tears that had ceased flowing.

Dream's deep concentration broke for a moment, the corner of his mouth turning up slightly as he met George's eyes. A soft pitiful look in his.

“But you're so beautiful like this,” Dream whispered, almost tender, almost.

“You’re horrible.”

The pity in Dream’s eyes dwindled. “You haven’t seen horrible yet.” His hips pressed harder into George.

George watched with wide doe eyes as one of Dream’s hands went to his own belt, but all he did was remove a small knife from it’s holster. He held the handle between his teeth as he undid the buttons on George’s tunic, slowly, but with deft fingers. Changing positions to kneel in between George’s legs, he carefully lifted the edge of George’s bindings, and slid the knife under, slicing through with ease.

George had a distant fear of the knife slipping and cutting skin, but he was more worried as Dream peeled away the bandages, exposing his chest to the air. It was tender, bruised from constant compression. George’s eyes began to water as Dream squeezed and prodded. It was painful and embarrassing.

“You shouldn’t wear those bandages so tight,” he muttered, a slight concerned note in his voice as his lips skimmed the bruised skin.

“Don’t act like you care,” George said bitterly.

“I do.” He couldn’t if he did he wouldn’t be doing this.

“Then why are you doing this?”

“I’m taking my time; I want you to love your body like I do,” Dream’s words were soft now. Intermittent kisses against George’s skin uncharacteristically gentle.

“You barely know me!” George said, feeling despair and anger.

“That’s not true, George.” Dream’s hands slid down to George’s waist pushing him down into the rug as he tried to sit up, effectively denying him. “I’ve watched you for a long time.” His lips hovered by George’s ear. “And you’re perfect.” Dream’s hand went lower, fumbled with George’s

belt, the other still keeping him down. "Let me show you how perfect you are."

"I'm disgusting," George said, trying to push Dream away, but he was still too weak, and Dream easily regained control by pinning both of George's arms above his head with one hand. George let out an exasperated, exhausted sort of sound.

"Don't talk like that," Dream soothed. He removed George's belt from his trousers, tossing it aside and working on the buttons as George's heart began to beat faster. Then he was shifting positions so his legs were on either side of George, and he started pulling the garment from George's legs, discarded it.

George, still in his underthings, pulled his legs together, shrinking into himself. His dark eyes averted. But Dream wasn't having that. He pried George's trembling legs apart, sliding the last little bit of fabric completely from his body. Dream placed a hand on George's inner thigh, kneading it like a cat.

As his hand rose slowly higher George felt more desperate, more hopeless.

"Not there," he pleaded, tears returning in full force.

"Don't be afraid," Dream purred, fingers now brushing George's entrance. It was uncomfortably cold and prodding as he slipped one inside, slender but long, in a place where George had never been touched. The intrusion had George panting, and whining, bruised chest rising and falling rapidly.

George could feel *everything* as Dream curled and uncurled his finger, slowly sliding it in and out a few times. Unceremoniously, he inserted a second, this one slightly longer, and he felt it deeper inside. His body barely stretched to accommodate the fingers, and then Dream was adding a third, all three flexed and crooked, drawing feeble moans from George.

His hips bucked involuntarily, and Dream's resulting grin was unbearable, near sinister.

"You like that?" He asked.

"N-no!" George choked out. Dream's fingers moved faster, spreading wider. George cried harder, in pain and anticipation of what was next. When Dream finally pulled his hand away George didn't feel relieved.

“I think you’re ready,” Dream decided, and George watched in horror as he undid his belt and buttons, and pulled out his cock, no longer straining against fabric. It was fully erect, and it looked much larger now than it had through his pants. The thought of that going inside him was terrifying.

“No, no I’m not!” George tried to close his legs again but Dream wouldn’t let him. He returned to his previous position, angling himself to enter George, who was starting to sob. “Don’t,” was all he could manage.

“It’s not as bad as you think. Relax and it’ll be easier for you,” was Dream’s response. George was not convinced. A burst of panic had him trying to push Dream off again, successfully kneeing him in the chest. Dream grunted in pain, but he was still stronger.

This time he was fed up. He collected George’s thin wrists in one hand, squeezing them so tight George thought they might break as he pushed them into the floor above George’s head. With his other hand he held George’s right hip down, fingers digging in hard enough to bruise. His vivid green eyes lacked the tinges of tenderness that had been there a few minutes before, now he looked irritated, nostrils flaring.

Dream’s voice had developed a raspy quality, and it was lower than before.

“You need to be good for me,” he said. “Cause I can show you horrible.” He leaned in close, planting his lips on George’s throat for a moment. In an instant his teeth pinched and broke skin, and blood leaked out. George let out a pained moan as Dream lapped it up.

“I will!” George cried. “I-

“Good,” Dream paused, smiling, blood still on his lips. Then he moved his hips forward a few inches, the tip of his cock spreading George open, dragging a moan from him. And in one more swift motion Dream was all the way inside.

George nearly screamed. The sensation was unbearable. The sheer circumference was too much for him, and he openly sobbed at the pain of being stretched so wide. He felt something inside him tear. This was just too much. *I can’t*, he thought, *I can’t*...

“It hurts so bad!” he whined, “please s-sto-” Dream cut him off with a kiss. He stayed mercifully still as George squirmed, trying unsuccessfully to lessen the pain and pressure he felt. They stayed

like that for a few minutes, the firm press of Dream's lips George's only distraction from the pain.

Then Dream slowly pulled out, and George whimpered, cried out when Dream stuffed himself back inside George's abused body.

"You're too *much* ," George croaked.

"You'll get used to it," Dream said unsympathetically, thrusting his hips again, much faster this time. He did it again, and again, and again. George could do nothing but moan pathetically, making unheeded pleas for mercy as Dream fucked him. Eventually he stopped begging, Dream just got rougher every time he did.

The pain never went away, but it dulled, slowly as Dream set an unrelenting pace, panting softly but never seeming to get tired. Somehow that was worse. When it hurt he could hate it, but now he felt a steady tension growing in his lower body with every thrust, building for release. It was humiliating.

Eventually it became unbearable. He was in less pain, but no less violated as he neared a catastrophic climax. Dream had released his wrists in favor of supporting himself properly, grunting and panting. It was an intimate sort of misery as George clung to him for some semblance of comfort.

He begged, voice broken from sobbing, "Dream," his fingers dug into Dream's shoulder, and one last violent thrust had him unraveling. "*Dream* ," he keened, "Dream!" Climax racked George's body as Dream continued to move, his fucking reached an aggressive peak. George trembled in the aftermath as Dream hissed, finally finishing, holding himself up with shaky arms as he examined George's wiped expression.

Both of them breathed, ragged and heavy as Dream pulled out. But George was already losing consciousness. He watched Dream remove his sweat soaked shirt, toss it aside. The last thing he felt was Dream's bare chest as he picked George up, and carried him away

Chapter End Notes

I hope this was to your satisfaction! Please let me know what you think, I'm posting on my phone so sorry if the formatting is weird.

And just in case you were wondering, there will be more, but it may be a couple days since i can't use my computer right now.

Aftermath

Chapter Summary

George grimaced, as he slid from the edge of the bed, forcing his wobbly legs to support him. The floor was hard wood, cold and unforgiving against his bare feet. He had to use the bed to support himself as he limped over to the clothes. They were clearly Dream's, and they were clean and soft. George hesitated, feeling uncomfortable in nothing but a shirt, but the thought of wearing Dream's clothes felt, intimate, uncomfortable.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! I finally got my laptop charger. I won't be posting from the 19th to the 25th because I'll be away. After that I should be uploading almost daily.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Morning was still and quiet, and George awoke, his body feeling heavy. He opened his eyes, mind still hazy, a window was visible dead across from him, and the world outside was dark and quiet, sunrise only a suggestion. Thick fog shrouded the trees, and left droplets of condensation on the glass.

He noticed the weight of an arm first, firmly on his waist. Then he registered the warmth of breath on the back of his neck, the press of Dream against his back. It was cold in the room, even under the woolen covers of this bed, and he had to appreciate the warmth of a body. Still, he wanted to pull away, but he didn't want Dream to wake up, couldn't face him yet. Especially as last night's events began flooding his mind.

He licked his lips, and they were swollen and bruised. *Because of him, because of Dream.* The bruises on his throat hurt, the bruises on his chest, the bruises on his hips. His bite mark stung bitterly. *Because of Dream.* Dream's mouth, his hands on George's skin, violating. George began to feel sick as more of the pain came back to him.

He was horribly sore, raw and tender between his legs, thighs still wet and sticky. He tried hard not to think about the events that lead up to that pain, but his own mind was his worst enemy. The memories came back, of his pleas and cries, the burning of salty tears against his cheeks, Dream's tender, empty words. George's body was

He couldn't help himself, and he started to cry again. Silently at first, but he started to whimper and sob, the images in his mind becoming painfully vivid, violent, as sleep cleared from his mind. With every lurching sob came a jolt of pain in his exhausted, heavy body. Soon his tears had formed a damp spot on his pillow, a physical manifestation of his misery.

I want to go home, he thought, *I just want to go home*. Would someone come for him? People went missing in the woods and never came back, but they loved him. Surely they had to be looking, surely they had to care.

George felt so small then, so frail. Dream was more of a man than he could ever be. Just a day before he'd thought himself a protector of his village, his home, his friends and family. He would do anything to save them, but now he couldn't even save himself. And so he cried himself back to sleep, praying silently to wake up again, and find this had all been a horrible nightmare.

When his eyes opened once more, it was firmly morning, the forest outside as light as it could be. Various pains and sensations of remembrance still lingered in his body. A feeble, defeated sigh escaped his lips. It was a small mercy to find Dream was no longer in the bed with him, and George gingerly pushed himself up, his entire body screaming with pain and shaking with the small effort.

George looked around the bedroom he was in, though the light was low, he could see well enough. The ceiling was low, the walls nearly pressing in on him, built from an untreated, dark, wood that would likely leave splinters in his skin if he touched it. An partially open door was across from the edge of the bed, nothing visible across the hall. His upper body was no longer covered by the thick woolen blanket, and he felt a steady draft that made him shiver.

What was he supposed to do here? Was Dream still here? Could he make a run for it? It was unlikely George could make it very far in his current state, especially not if Dream was near. He still wore his tunic from the night before, and nothing else, but he buttoned it quickly, with shaky hands. Looking around once more, he saw fresh clothes folded neatly, in a pile in the corner, and a small crate serving as a nightstand to the left of the bed.

George grimaced, as he slid from the edge of the bed, forcing his wobbly legs to support him. The floor was hard wood, cold and unforgiving against his bare feet. He had to use the bed to support himself as he limped over to the clothes. They were clearly Dream's, and they were clean and soft. George hesitated, feeling uncomfortable in nothing but a shirt, but the thought of wearing Dream's clothes felt, intimate, uncomfortable.

That draft from the open door returned though, and it had him shivering as he hurriedly pulled on

the high collared tunic and loose trousers with too-long legs. He rolled up the legs so they wouldn't drag on the floor, and tugged at the front of the tunic as it slipped down his small shoulders, and fell halfway down his thighs at the hem. He had to roll up the sleeves a fair bit too.

Being fully clothed made George feel a tad bit better, though his body was bruised, sore, tired, violated, and dirty. He wanted a bath. He wanted his own clothes. He wanted to go home. *I can get out of this*, he thought with more determination than he felt, assessing the room once more. There wasn't much, a window, a bed, a nightstand that was essentially just a wood box, and an old-looking wardrobe.

Opening the wardrobe, George found nothing useful, and there was nothing under the bed or on the nightstand. He limped around on the cold floor, trying to find *something*, something to help him. Though even if he could find a weapon he doubted he stood a chance against Dream in a fight. he just needed to have it.

Finally something clicked in his head, and he stumbled back to the bed, lifting up one of the pillow's. Underneath it was a small knife, the same one Dream had used the night before. George cringed at the memory, feeling slightly nauseous once more. He crossed his arms over his chest, wishing he had something to bind his chest with, as bruised and broken as his body was. It always made him feel less vulnerable, and vulnerable was the biggest thing he felt right now, so much worse than pain.

George cut as long as a strip of fabric as he could, tying a loop in the center, which he nestled the hilt of the knife in. Then he tied the strip to his waist, letting the tunic he wore fall over it. It wasn't a very safe way to conceal the knife, but it would be good enough.

He crept out into the hall, stepping lightly as he followed it into a dim kitchen. There was a sink, a small stove, a few buckets on the floor, and another window looking out into the forest. Across from the sink there was a doorway, leading into the room with the fireplace. George turned his eyes away from it.

Fidgeting with the edge of the tunic, George looked out the window, seeing no sign of Dream. George opened the only other door in the house, finding nothing but a washroom. Clearly Dream wasn't here, and once again that was a small relief. George knew he had to return at some point, but hopefully it wouldn't be before George could prepare himself for escape.

In the washroom George found his clothes, soaking in soapy water. After a moment's consideration he realized he didn't know what had happened to his boots. He'd been wearing them when he passed out in the forest, but not when he woke up in front of Dream's fireplace. They weren't in the bedroom, or in here, or in the kitchen. The weapons from the walls had disappeared too, he noticed.

George sighed stupidly, realizing he should check the room with the hearth in it. He was apprehensive though, he didn't want to go in there, didn't want to think anymore about the previous night's events. *They're just shoes*, he thought. But the more he considered it, the more he knew he needed to check. He genuinely could not leave here without shoes, and Dream didn't have extras for him to take.

So George looked in the room, and instantly he regretted it. There were no boots to be found, but vivid images of him and Dream on that floor flooded his mind, incurring a wave of debilitating nausea, making everything in him ache worse than before. He exited as fast as his body allowed him, leaning against the splintering wall for support as he panted and shook.

He need to leave now shoes be damned. Maybe Dream was messing with him, hoping he'd wander into the cold, barefoot, hopeless, and stumbling, and they could have another game of cat and mouse. George didn't care, couldn't bring himself to, as he threw open the door. Instantly deep cold crept under the clothes he wore, and the deep chill reinstated his body's sensitivity.

Beneath his feet the ground was cold, damp, uneven, full of sharp rocks and sticks. Still he moved forward with sore, tired limbs. A full night's sleep had done him good but not nearly enough, and he did his best to put distance between him and the house. It clearly wasn't the watchtower he'd seen from his village, so he couldn't use it to orient himself. But he just needed distance.

If only he could have covered enough.

Within minutes there was a hand, gripping the back of his tunic, firm and unrelenting. George hadn't even heard him coming this time. And his eyes began to water.

"Where do you think you're going?" Dream asked.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter feels a bit clunky because parts of it were written at different times, sorry if that comes through. Please let me know what you think though! I spent quite a lot of time on this one, and I really hope you guys enjoy it.

Rabbit Stew

Chapter Summary

“Did you really think you’d make it far?” Dream asked. George couldn’t bring himself to meet those judging eyes, and he violently averted his gaze. In truth, he had thought he could go a bit further; there really wasn’t a part of him that believed he’d find a way home. Yet dying in the cold seemed, honorable. Now he couldn’t even do that. “Look at me,” Dream said, a soft edge in his voice.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this will unfortunately be the last chapter I post for another week! It is a bit rushed because I've been getting ready for a trip, and a I had a lot to do. I promise I'll post an extra long chapter when I get back though!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George didn’t fight, didn’t protest, didn’t speak. He went limp as a ragdoll as Dream took him back inside. His bare, dirty feet dangled in the cold as he was carried. Nothing he could say or do would make this better. If Dream was mad, he couldn’t tell, but he refused to apologize. He wasn’t remotely sorry for trying to leave, he only regretted being caught.

When they were back inside George was only mildly grateful for the warmth as Dream sat him down at the small kitchen table. Dream dropped two small burlap sacks on the table, and sat across from him. His green eyes were deep and assessing, and he reached with one long arm, taking a firm hold on George’s chin and forcing him to face Dream.

“Did you really think you’d make it far?” Dream asked. George couldn’t bring himself to meet those judging eyes, and he violently averted his gaze. In truth, he had thought he could go a bit further; there really wasn’t a part of him that believed he’d find a way home. Yet dying in the cold seemed, honorable. Now he couldn’t even do that. “Look at me,” Dream said, a soft edge in his voice.

“No,” George sighed, hating how feeble, how strained his voice sounded. He still refused to meet Dream’s eyes.

“You shouldn’t have done that.” Dream murmured. He jerked George’s chin, hard, and George finally looked him in the eye. His gaze was soft, but in his voice was something threatening. George

felt anger rising inside of him, not a wave, but a cup overflowing from a slow, steady drip. His eye twitched.

He wanted to snap, but he didn't know how Dream would react, maybe it would be best to control himself. He knew what Dream was capable of.

"I won't do it again," George said, and he didn't know if it was true or not.

"Good," Dream replied. Then he'd opened one of the sacks, and pulled out two dead rabbits, and from the other produced an assortment of turnips, parsnips, carrots, and some small brown mushrooms.

George watched silently, feeling peculiarly useless as Dream gutted, skinned, and cleaned the rabbits, removing the meat from the carcasses and cutting it into chunks. He moved with focused purpose, pulling out a pot, washing and chopping the vegetables. The entire time he said nothing. In a few minutes George could smell an intense aroma wafting through the kitchen as he cooked the ingredients in a small amount of fat. It smelled amazing, even better when he started adding seasoning.

The longer George sat there, the more he realized how hungry he was. The warm, earthy smell of stew nearly made his mouth water. He hadn't eaten anything since he left home, though he hadn't had much of an appetite for the last day or so, due to obvious reasons. Now it was returning.

After what felt like hours Dream set a bowl of stew in front of George and set a spoon next to it. He sat again, in the chair across, another bowl in front of him. He said nothing. George raised a chunk of turnip to his mouth, freezing. Food was a simple, essential offering, one Dream was near obligated to provide after what he'd done, was still doing. Yet as he watched George there was curious intent in his eye that made George hesitant to accept.

"You need to eat," Dream said softly, and he was right. Though some bit of George wasn't comfortable accepting food from Dream, accepting anything. He'd watched him make it, it couldn't be drugged. Although it was a necessity, an obligation, it felt like Dream trying to establish a bond, one forged in dependency. George had never needed help feeding himself, but now Dream was forcing him to.

"I'm not hungry," he lied, setting the spoon down. His stomach growled. Dream cocked his head.

“You look like you’re going to drool.” He gently pushed the little wooden bowl closer to George, steam curling from the stew, that delightful scent accompanying it.

“I don’t need you to feed me,” George growled. Dream chuckled.

“Well, since I’m not letting you run around the forest or down to the market, you *do*.” George crossed his arms, and Dream sighed. “This isn’t a transaction, you don’t owe me anything, I promise, I just want you to eat something.”

“Why should I trust anything you say?” George said, voice cracking slightly as his anger began to overflow. “After what you did to me?” Dream rolled his eyes.

“Trust isn’t an option for you, darling.”

“Don’t call me that,” George said shakily. The smell of food was making him woozy.

“I’ll call you whatever I please.” Dream’s eyes were dangerous now, it was the same look of frustration George had seen when he tried to shove him off for the last time, before... “Eat.”

George picked up the spoon, and took a tentative bite, not daring to push Dream any further into anger. Though his hands were trembling, and he felt slightly queazy, it was good. The stew was warm, gently spiced, full of tender vegetables, and slightly stringy rabbit in a rich, creamy gravy. He began to relax slightly, as he and Dream finished eating in silence.

“C-can I have a bath?” George asked tentatively when he was done. He’d felt violated and sticky, and disgusting since he woke up, running through the woods hadn’t helped much with that.

“Yes,” Dream said, nodding slightly, gaze once again softened, almost relaxed as he took George’s now empty bowl. George felt frazzled, walking briskly to the washroom, where a few clean towels were already waiting.

He felt not quite safe, but safer, as he closed the door behind him. It was still cold in this room, cold in this whole house. Running the water for a bath, he turned it as far to the right as possible, and though the water started off cool, soon it was scalding. He ran his hands under it savouring the warmth. Once the tub was full he peeled off Dream’s ill-fitting clothes and lowered himself into the water.

It was so hot it made his cold skin burn at first, and it made him feel a small amount better. But as soon as he adjusted to the sensation he took a rough washcloth, lathered it with soap and started scrubbing, aggressively. Over every bruise and scrape, every place where Dream had touched him, places he probably shouldn't have used soap, where he was swollen, irritated, and raw.

It made him notice that a small amount of blood was still leaking from between his legs, and he'd seen a dark stain on the floor by the hearth, no doubt from him, from what Dream had done. Once again those memories made him feel like crying. He'd scrubbed till his skin was pink and tender, now he wrapped his arms around his knees, sobbing softly into the hot water. His whole body still hurt, was still weak and sensitive.

No matter how much he had scrubbed, he still felt *dirty*.

Chapter End Notes

This is really angsty and slow I'm still trying to figure out exactly what I want the dynamic to be and how it's going to develop. I really appreciate all the feedback I've been getting, and I would love to see even more it means the world to me! I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Mirror

Chapter Summary

“If you cared you wouldn’t have hurt me, not in the way you did,” George spoke lowly, a deep resentment in his voice. “Don’t act like it matters to you now.”

“It does matter,” Dream said softly, reaching for George’s hand, but he pulled it away in an instant. George gritted his teeth. The audacity of Dream was astonishing. To violate George in such a way and act as if anything he did was an act of kindness.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! I was busy unpacking from my trip and taking care of other responsibilities. This chapter is very angsty though and includes some smut, I hope that makes up for my absence. Regular-ish posting schedule should resume for now.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once George reluctantly pulled himself from the bath, the water had nearly gone cold.. He did his best to cease the flow of tears down his cheeks, breathing in deep and steady. Drying himself, he wished desperately for something to bind his chest with, despite the bruises, despite everything his body had been through. But all he could do was dress, and pray for some way to get back home.

“How do you feel?” Dream asked, gaze roving over George’s thin body, his damp hair, and baggy, but clean clothes. George’s eyes were bloodshot from crying, his skin still damp, making him feel chilled. Once again there was a sympathy in Dream’s voice, in his eyes, but it did nothing to eliminate George’s unease.

“Fine,” he sniffled, arms crossed over his chest, shoulders hunched, and shivering slightly. And there was something else in the way Dream stared that made George want to crawl out of his skin and leave his body behind for good. Instead he was left trapped inside a body that had always felt foreign, with nowhere to go, and no way to cope.

“You don’t seem fine,” Dream replied, head tilting slightly. George pressed his lips into a thin line, trying not to start crying again.

“If you cared you wouldn’t have hurt me, not in the way you did,” George spoke lowly, a deep

resentment in his voice. “Don’t act like it matters to you now.”

“It does matter,” Dream said softly, reaching for George’s hand, but he pulled it away in an instant. George gritted his teeth. The audacity of Dream was astonishing. To violate George in such a way and act as if anything he did was an act of kindness.

“Then why did you do it?” The overflowing cup of anger within him finally spilled. “How could you *rape* me and try to tell me you’re worried about how I feel?”

“I am-” Dream started.

The dam burst, and George cut him off. His voice was hoarse, tears flowing down his cheeks. “Don’t. Lie.” George’s fingernails dug into his palms near hard enough to bleed. “Do you understand what you did? How--how you *violated* me?” Every sob that racked his body was painful, shameful.

Dream looked sad, but he wasn’t guilty, more pitiful. George tried to push back as Dream embraced him, but he just couldn’t. It wasn’t enough, and he sobbed into Dream’s shoulder.

“It hurts. It hurts so fucking bad.” Dream ran his fingers through George’s hair and it was as close to soothing as he could get.

“Why didn’t you just kill me?” George asked weakly, fingers curling into Dream’s tunic.

“Because you’re special, you’re very special to me, George,” Dream whispered. The words were so tender, but the implications made George feel sick.

“No, No I’m *disgusting*,” George wheezed. “You should have picked someone else. I’m not made right.” *Not right*, it was what his mother had said when he was young. When George didn’t want to wear dresses or play with dolls, when he’d taken a knife to his hair and hacked it off so he looked more like the other boys. The memory made the tears flow faster.

“I like you just the way you are.” Dream’s grip tightened. “You’re perfect just like this.” Dream tilted George’s head up, meeting his gaze. “You’re very handsome, George.” And at that George felt a strange blush creep across his cheeks. After everything he’d been through, no one had ever called him handsome.

Dream noticed the reaction, and in a moment he was leading him down the hall, into the bedroom. The firm hold he'd taken on George's wrist was unbreakable, leaving him with no choice but to follow. His heart hammered in his chest as he thought about the intention he'd heard in Dream's voice.

In the bedroom Dream shut the door behind them, the door fitting the frame with a rusted squeak. He let go of George's wrist and opened the splintering wardrobe, revealing a mirror at the back, directly across from the bed. As George was tugged to stand in front of it he felt a crippling fear in his body. He kept his eyes off his reflection as best he could.

Dream positioned himself directly behind George, hands hovering by his hips.

"W-what are you doing?" George asked, already knowing the answer, as Dream's hands moved to the buttons on George's tunic.

George was hyperventilating, eyes wide with terror as Dream whispered, "I want to show you what's so perfect about your body."

"Please Dream," George whispered, "I can't do this again. You-" Dream shushed him gently.

"You'll be okay," Dream cooed, undoing the first button on George's tunic. His fingers were nimble, but he moved slow on purpose, exposing a triangle of skin that grew steadily larger. His fingers brushed the skin below George's navel, where his hips were bony. Higher up he was still thin, and the muscles on his abdomen were gently defined, ribcage ever so slightly protruding

George cringed as Dream felt with cold fingers, invasive and unwelcome. And this was the way George hated his body, he was too bony, too small, hips just wide enough to make him look wrong. He tried not to look, but he could see the deep bruise on his hip as Dream folded down the waistband of his trousers. More memories of the previous night rose to George's mind.

Dream finally slid the tunic from George's shoulders and he felt sick, turning his head away. But Dream grabbed him firmly by the jaw, turning him to face the mirror, other hand on his bruised hip.

"See how handsome you are," Dream purred, running his fingers over the lean muscle on George's shoulders, and around his waist, "how strong."

“Why does everyone tell me I’m not good enough?” George said defeatedly.

“Because they don’t understand what it’s like to be different.” Dream started to unbutton George’s trousers, and George stayed frozen in place, pupils dilated to an extreme.

“A-and you do?” George asked.

“I was told that it’s wrong to like men, even worse to like men and women. But it’s not me that’s the problem, it’s everyone else.” Dream pulled the trousers down George’s legs, and George tried to push away but Dream just tugged him closer, until he could feel the press of something hard through Dream’s trousers. “They can’t love you like I can *George*,” Dream dragged out the first syllable of his name.

George was still crying. “You’re wrong. My friends, my family--”

“You’ll never be enough for them. But to me, you are everything.” Dream’s hands wandered low and the sensations of pain still lingering strong in George’s body made him feel so trapped in that moment, so trapped in a body he never wanted.

“I’m hideous, just stop.” George cried harder, voice even more broken than before. “Don’t *touch* me.”

“It’s not wrong to feel pleasure,” Dream whispered, now planting soft kisses beneath George’s jaw, “Your body was meant to be touched.” But it was wrong, wrong that George felt strange heat building inside of him with every press of Dream’s hands or mouth to his skin. He didn’t want to be touched, he didn’t want to feel this way.

But Dream’s hands were between his legs, where he was sore and raw, yet slick. His body was oversensitive, and he cried out when Dream started shoving fingers inside of him, stretching him open. This was the most intimate touch, almost the worst part as Dream kneaded George’s chest with his other hand, and every vulnerable bit of his body was on display for this monster.

Then Dream’s hand was gone, and George heard the sound of the zipper, and felt himself being stretched open by Dream’s length. All at once this time. It didn’t hurt as much, not in the same way. Now it was the sensation of an exhausted body not yet ready for more, being forced to take it anyway.

“Dream,” George cried out feebly. His legs were shaking from the effort of holding himself up, and the overwhelming feeling. He kept his eyes off the mirror, the thought of seeing himself like this unbearably disturbing. Dream wasted no time, hands on George’s hips firmly as he thrust in and out at an inconsistent and nonadjustable pace.

George’s climax built violently fast, and there was nothing to hold on to as he tried not to collapse. Loud gasps and pleas escaped his lips whenever Dream went faster. Eventually he couldn’t handle it, and he came completely undone, crying out. His body twitched and quivered around Dream, still moving his hips.

A few moments later Dream stopped, fingers digging into George’s hips, cursing softly as he finished. When he pulled out George finally looked at himself properly in the mirror, payed attention to every little bruise, the ones on his back and hips, on his throat. The bitemark on his neck, still red.

His body hurt even more now, and he could not forgive Dream. No amount of soft words made this okay, no matter pleasure or pain.

Dream was a monster.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I was very mean this chapter, maybe the next one will be softer but idk I'm pretty angsty in general. Please let me know what you thought of this chap, it took me an especially long time to write!

Isolation

Chapter Summary

George found himself crying softly once more, though he was too tired to sob, tears still streamed down his face as he thought about his home, thought about what Dream had said. Do they love me? George wondered. His friends, the local shopkeeper, even his mother, he assumed they cared, he saw them everyday, talked to them. But they'd always treated him different.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's been a couple days I got a little carried away with my second fic! It's called A King's Game and it's a medievalish au that's more focused on the manhunt bit but will definitely include some pining and nsfw content later on.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George felt alone despite the body next to him. He was nestled under the thick wool blankets on Dream's bed, body frigid cold and *irritated*. Something hurt everywhere, was too sensitive or too cold, and he just wanted to leave his body behind and hide in a hole. It was such a deep need for something entirely unachievable.

He drifted in and out, lingering on the edge of consciousness, body and mind exhausted but unwilling to let him rest, not after what had just happened. With Dream so close George didn't feel safe, even if he was asleep, snoozing beside George. There was a constant fear in his mind that Dream would wake up, and he'd feel the unwelcome sensation of cold fingers on his skin once more.

George found himself crying softly once more, though he was too tired to sob, tears still streamed down his face as he thought about his home, thought about what Dream had said. *Do they love me?* George wondered. His friends, the local shopkeeper, even his mother, he assumed they cared, he saw them everyday, talked to them. But they'd always treated him *different*.

They walked on eggshells around him, always so careful not to say the wrong thing, even to the point they barely acknowledged him. His father had bluntly called him a 'weirdo.' Though the man was old and bitter and sickly, and he'd passed just days later, the word still stuck with George. Is there something wrong with me? Is it my fault? Am I not enough for them?

It was that deep, animal instinct within George that knew they didn't need him. As long as he'd been able to he tried to keep people safe, to take care of his community and be someone it needed. But he was nothing more than a nuisance, someone they had to apologize for. Everyone in his village would be just fine without him.

Dream, at least acknowledged George as a man, but it was a selfish physical desire, for comfort, for a body. Dream was horrible, and it didn't matter if he cared, no one cared for George in the right way. He was all alone in this room, in this house, in the world. So he curled in on himself, and nestled deeper into the blankets as the tears flowed harder, and his body and heart hurt together.

When George awoke he realized he didn't know what time it was. He didn't know how long he'd slept that first night, how long he'd been in front of that mirror with Dream. Everything here felt strange, outside a bubble in time. He could've been fucked for twenty minutes but it was as long and terrible as a lifetime.

Outside the window it was caught between dark and light, even more difficult to decipher because of the thick trees and gray clouds. George stared out into the forest, groggy from his dozing, but not truly feeling satisfied from sleep.

Dream was gone again, and it made George feel slight relief, but not quite hope this time. It wasn't worth trying to run, wherever he went Dream was there, wherever he didn't want him to be. The man was inescapable, but for George, for now it was enough to be alone. He felt a sliver of safety, knowing Dream's hands weren't close enough to touch. But it wouldn't last.

There was sort of nonchalance as George thought about the knife he'd had before. It had fallen to the floor with his clothes, and he wondered if it would still be there. It wouldn't hurt to have a knife, though Dream always seemed to overpower him. George just hated how helpless he felt, he wanted anything to alleviate that feeling.

He pulled himself from the bed, slow and stiff. He felt like some sort of vermin, unclothed and making his way across the floor to close the wardrobe, not daring to look in the mirror again. Part of him still felt sick as he looked at his clothes, *Dream's*, crumpled on the floor. He put them on, disheartened to find the small knife was gone. Part of him wanted to change, but he didn't want to open that wardrobe.

There was no doubt in his mind Dream would have his way with him again, but it was like he'd created a block. Though he knew it would happen he couldn't think about it, both times it'd just been too much for his mind and body to handle. He still feared, still knew he'd try to fight Dream off this time, no matter how weak he felt.

Where did Dream go? George wondered. Was he off hunting rabbits again? That couldn't be all he did. Maybe he went to that watchtower George had seen from so far away, and just observed. Maybe there was another village nearby that he went to, George hadn't seen a garden, though he hadn't been looking. Where had the vegetables he used in the stew come from?

It didn't matter, all George knew was that Dream would be back and he'd have to face him again. He felt tired, and his eyes wandered back to the bed as the chill in the house seeped into his bones. There wasn't really anything for him to do. It was still either early or late outside, and he just wanted to be warm, comfortable. He knew Dream had hidden or taken all the knives so it wasn't worth looking.

So, he crawled back into the bed, pulled the covers up over his head, and tried to shut out the loudest thoughts in his head. *Not good enough, disgusting, all alone.* He found himself praying that he would wake up somewhere else, or not at all.

George felt the weight on the bed before he registered what it meant. Then he felt Dream's body pressed close to his, skin cold from the outside air and carrying the scent of a damp forest.

His hear picked up pace as Dream's hand rested on his waist, and he felt the warmth of breath of the back of his neck.

"Morning," Dream whispered, fingers feeling under the edge of George's tunic, tracing small circles on his bare skin. His voice was heavy with intent.

Not now, George thought, *not already*. He didn't dare move yet, shivering at the cold of Dream's fingers. He felt paralyzed as Dream's lips brushed his ear.

"Don't do this, Dream," George pleaded. He'd wanted to fight but now he wasn't sure it was worth it. He thought about the irritation in Dream's bright green eyes as he pinned George down to the floor, the pain as his teeth pierced flesh.

Dream shushed him gently.

I hope you enjoyed! This chapter didn't have a lot of action but I figured it'd be okay since the last one was... intense. I've got some juicy stuff coming up tho so be prepared.

As always please let me know what you thought of this chapter I really value reader input <3

Anger

Chapter Summary

It was a point in the year where the temperature during the day had dropped significantly, but it still wasn't even at its lowest. George shivered, crossing his arms, wondering how Dream could stand living in such a poorly insulated place. Didn't he get cold?

George didn't want to eat, he still felt queasy, but he found himself standing up, looking through the kitchen to see if he could find anything of use, maybe a weapon. All he found was dried spices and tonics, and non-perishables. There were utensils, pots and pans, but he couldn't find anything that would suit his needs, nothing to make him feel a bit more secure.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating, school I'd starting up for me so it's an adjustment to my schedule. I'll try to upload a chapter for at least one of my fics about twice a week but honestly idk how often is really practical. I promise I won't abandon my fics tho <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George kept his hands curled tightly into the sheets, shutting his eyes. He felt the press of Dream's body on his, the sensation of cold hands on his skin. He let it happen this time, suppressing the urge to fight. His heart wanted to reject every touch, to fight back, but in his mind he knew it wouldn't be worth it. He could only make this worse for himself.

So he lied there, pain and conflicting pleasure filling him as Dream set such a gentle pace. Somehow this was worse than it had been before. He cooed softly to George, kissed him on the lips, ran his fingers through his hair.

"You're so perfect, George," he muttered. His eyes were hazy, not with anger or lust this time, but something more akin to love. It made George furious. The expectation of gratitude Dream seemed to have. George didn't need this from him, he didn't need to be validated, he didn't need to be protected or coddled. As warm as the physical feeling of an embrace was, he rejected the comfort.

George's eyes stayed away from Dream's, focusing on the low wooden ceiling, wishing he

could be anywhere else. Tears rolled softly down his pale cheeks, and Dream wiped them away. It was strangely intimate, more intimate than the way Dream's body connected with his. George wanted to reject that intimacy, to push Dream's hand away. But he just kept his fingers curled tight in the sheets.

"Why do you have to do this? Why do you have to make it worse?" George asked, lips chapped, kiss swollen, wet from his nervous licking. He wanted it to be over, he wanted it to be over so bad. Something deep within him ached to be free. He was a bird with broken wings, a curious insect kept sealed in a jar.

"What do you mean?" Dream murmured. "I just want you to feel safe. You don't need to cry, it hurts me to see you like this."

"You're the *cause*, Dream," George said bitterly, "don't act like you love me. All you've done is hurt me."

"I do love you," Dream whispered, a genuine note of concern in his voice. "I told you, you're very special to me. You have been ever since I first saw you."

"You only seem to care about my body." Another tear rolled down George's face.

"Because I know you don't," Dream gently kissed George's cheek, gently licking away his tears. It felt peculiar. "I just want you to feel good." *I don't feel good*, George thought. He felt the furthest thing from it. He was too exposed, too aware of his body to ever feel good, to ever feel safe around Dream.

When it was finally over, George stayed there. He was silent, cheeks still damp. His eyes stayed on the ceiling. His body cold, and hot at the same time. He couldn't bring himself to move as Dream got dressed again, telling him he had to go. George didn't feel as relieved as he had before. Dream didn't stay away for long enough.

He kissed George gently on the forehead, told him there was something on the nightstand for him, and then he left, shutting the door silently behind him. George lay there for several more minutes until the cold finally got to him. Then he forced himself to sit up, and get dressed again. He looked over to the little bedside table Dream had.

There was a little bottle of deep red liquid on it, small enough to fit in the palm of his hand. A

small piece of parchment was sitting beside it, saying something in what must have been Dream's handwriting. Upon closer inspection, it was very messy, but it said 'drink me.' *What is it?* George wondered, certainly not trusting strange potions from Dream.

He picked up the parchment, and flipped it over, more writing messy writing visible on the back, ink slightly smudged. 'To prevent any accidents.' George knew exactly what that meant, and the thought made him feel queasy. There was a reason he was so skinny, why he didn't like to eat. He knew if he didn't eat enough he wouldn't get his monthlies. And he hated getting those, so he'd done everything he could to prevent them. So it wasn't likely he'd end up... with child but he didn't want to take any chances.

George pulled the cork out with his teeth and slugged down the red liquid. It was thick and strange and it tasted like bitter herbs, burning as it went down, and leaving an alcoholic aftertaste in his mouth. Once he'd drank it though, he felt a bit better, setting the empty bottle back on the table with shaky hands. Then he forced himself to stand up, pushing uncomfortable thoughts from his mind.

He used the washroom, and rinsed his face to try and get rid of the burning caused by salty tears. Then he went into the kitchen and sat down at the table. There wasn't a whole lot in this house, though he noticed a couple more burlap sacks on the counter. George just stared at the dark wood of the table, wondering what he was meant to do. He thought about maybe going outside, but it was still freezing cold and he didn't have boots, any shoes even, or a coat.

It was a point in the year where the temperature during the day had dropped significantly, but it still wasn't even at its lowest. George shivered, crossing his arms, wondering how Dream could stand living in such a poorly insulated place. Didn't he get cold?

George didn't want to eat, he still felt queasy, but he found himself standing up, looking through the kitchen to see if he could find anything of use, maybe a weapon. All he found was dried spices and tonics, and non-perishables. There were utensils, pots and pans, but he couldn't find anything that would suit his needs, nothing to make him feel a bit more secure.

Dream must have hidden his weapons somewhere though, there had been quite a few before. it was impractical to assume he'd taken them with him, along with George's boots and coat. Where was he keeping that stuff? This place wasn't very big. George decided, frustration brewing, that he would look for them harder this time.

He checked all the cupboards, the kitchen again, the washroom. He checked under Dream's bed, glanced briefly into the hearth room, but it was practically empty. There was really only one place to check: the wardrobe. He felt just as stupid as he had, dreading checking in the hearth-room, but he knew seeing himself in that mirror would bring back bad memories

George forced himself to look.

That instantaneous regret returned to him as he tried to keep his eyes off the mirror, shuffling through clothes and belts and empty knife sheaths. He closed his eyes, feeling blindly as his heart started racing. But there was nothing, just nothing. *Where could it all have gone?*

George made another mistake, eyes snapping open as he went to close the wardrobe. He saw himself in the mirror, and then he was frozen to the spot. Dream was behind him again, and there were clothes in piles on the floor. Dream's sweet words in his ear were sickening, the press of his body, cold hands on skin, invasive.

George was panting, slamming the wardrobe doors shut and walking out of the room as quickly as he could. He leaned his back against the wall, trying to catch his breath as tears streamed down his cheeks, the sensations of Dream's violations now fresh in his mind once more. *Your body was meant to be touched*. George felt so sick.

George was dry heaving, unable to make the memories stop. They were so painfully vivid, it was like it was happening again for the first time. His panic was fresh and violent, as he slid slowly down the wall, arms wrapping around his knees. Rocking back and forth, he felt so scared, so small, so alone. This wasn't how men acted.

Gods knew how long he sat there, as his mind forced him to relive the experience, over and over. Hadn't going through it physically been enough? Why did this have to happen to him? Why couldn't it just be over, and then he could forget?

George barely registered the feeling of a hand on his shoulder, not until Dream was sitting next to him, gently running fingers through his dark hair as he sobbed weakly. George just let it happen.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah another angst chapter, there will be genuinely tender moments but you are going to have to be patient for those.

I know I haven't been replying to all the comments but it's just because I've been busy! That should change once I get settled dw. Please don't forget to leave a comment if you enjoyed, I still read and very much appreciate every one.

Discord Server Announcement!

Hey! I know you're probably a little disappointed to see this isn't an actual chapter, but dw there will be another one soon. I just wanted to let you guys know I've made a discord server for fellow readers and writers! We have a very inclusive policy as well as several channels for various types of graphic and nsfw content, so you can feel safe expressing yourself in the right setting. You can remain as anonymous as you'd like, as long as you aren't toxic you're welcome.

There's also a fun medieval theme and you can scream at me for writing sad/horrible things!

<https://discord.gg/AzcYxnav6j>

Hope to see you there!

Little Rabbit

Chapter Summary

Dream saw George as such a delicate thing, fingers curling into the tunic Dream wore in an almost compulsive way. Yet, he kept his eyes averted as Dream held his face. It hurt Dream to be ignored like this, when George refused to meet his eyes. He'd done it that morning when they'd made love. But it was okay, George was upset, and Dream needed to make him feel better. That was simple enough, he could do it.

Chapter Notes

Here's a nice short chap! Sorry for not uploading, I'm still working on figuring things out, and I started a discord server. You can come scream about fics and we have a very nsfw friendly policy w lots of appropriate channels for darker content!

Ik i put this in the last chapter but I'm just gonna plug it in all the chap notes now, sorry, not sorry.

<https://discord.gg/AzcYxnav6j>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His body was on the floor, half leaned into Dream, convulsing with shaky sobs, but George's mind was still somewhere else. It was everywhere else in that forsaken house. It was by the fireplace, it was in the bed, it was in front of that god damned mirror. He was still trapped in an intimate moment with Dream, too aware of his body. Every inch of his skin felt raw, like someone had peeled him, and underneath he was unprepared for the feeling of air or light.

Dream took a tender hold of George's jaw, tilting his chin up so he could see his tear stained cheeks, his wide and bleary eyes.

"It's okay," Dream cooed.

Dream saw George as such a delicate thing, fingers curling into the tunic Dream wore in an almost compulsive way. Yet, he kept his eyes averted as Dream held his face. It hurt Dream to be ignored like this, when George refused to meet his eyes. He'd done it that morning when they'd

made love. But it was okay, George was upset, and Dream needed to make him feel better. That was simple enough, he could do it.

When you feel pain, how do you offset it? Pleasure. Dream leaned down, craning his neck to plant his lips softly on George's, and something within the young man seemed to snap, a physical sensation bringing him back his body. Instantly he went rigid, hands on Dream's shoulders, shoving him away with all his meager force, and Dream allowed it to happen. George finally looked him in the eyes when they'd separated, and his were wide and frantic like a feral animal.

"Stop." George said hoarsely, with a surprising force, and a heavy sincerity in his tone. Dream didn't like to be told what to do, but he let himself lax for just a moment, let George speak. But he didn't say anything else.

"Why?" Dream asked, "I just want to help you George. I want you to feel better."

"You aren't helping me!" George insisted, cheeks reddened, tears flowing. He was a work of art, so beautiful. He just needed time, time to see how Dream could make him feel. But he refused to accept it. It was painful, exhausting to watch.

Dream tried to kiss him again and he stiffened, body reeling with tension. Dream could fix him, Dream could make him feel so good. But every time he tried, George tried to be somewhere else, tried to run away. *So skittish*, Dream thought, *you have nothing to hide from me*. Their lips detached once more.

"I just want to go home," George pleaded. *This is your home*, Dream thought, but he knew what George meant. He wanted to go back to that wretched village, somewhere no one would ever appreciate him, love him the same way Dream did. It had been mere days since Dream had finally got to touch him and he couldn't live without that now.

Dream smiled slightly, fondly, a memory creeping into his thoughts as he felt the rapid flutter of George's pulse beneath his fingertips. Everything around it was dark and fuzzy, but he remembered it clear as fresh rain water. "I used to have a rabbit you know. A cute little thing, with brown fur and big eyes. I kept him in a cage because I loved him, and I wanted to keep him safe," Dream said softly.

He leaned in close to George's ear, "You remind me of him." Dream stroked George's soft, dark hair. "Just like you, he was always trying to run away, and I had to go and catch him. He never gave up though." He watched a range of emotions pass over George's face in a matter of seconds, namely anger and frustration, fear even. "You want to know what happened to him?"

“No,” George said, slow, shaking his head, “I’m not your rabbit.” Dream softened his gaze, making himself as sympathetic as possible. He just needed George to *understand* .

“He got himself killed, George.” George’s eyes filled with hatred and despair like murky tide pools. Dream held George’s head with both hands, grip firmer than before. “I don’t want that for you.”

“I do,” George said, “I don’t want to be here with you. Do you think about that at all? What *I* want, Dream?” George had seemed so unhappy in his home, why wouldn’t he be happier here? His life would be so much better with Dream. He would make George understand, just how flawless he was, how wonderful, how underappreciated.

“You just don’t know what you want yet,” Dream reassured, thumb gently caressing the soft skin of George’s face.

George tried to flinch, move away from the touch, and Dream’s heart broke when he spoke, “you’re a liar, you’re a monster.” But there was just a hint of disbelief, uncertainty in his tone. It still saddened Dream to hear him talk that way.

“George,” he warned gently, “don’t say things like that.” Once again George seemed to be feeling a thousand different things. His wide brown eyes were filled with a mix of fear, disgust, anger, curiosity. Dream just wished he could make this easier for him. But he knew it would take longer than a few days for George to learn to love him. He just hoped he wouldn’t have to hurt him to do it.

A muscle twitched in George’s jaw, and he said, “why do you do this? Why do you have me here, not to *love* me.” Dream couldn’t help feel a bit guilty. Of course he loved George but he was selfish, he wanted someone, anyone to be with. He was all alone out here, and George had been so perfect.

“I don’t lie to you, George. I love you. But I am tired of being alone,” Dream sighed, “and I know you are too.”

“I was never alone,” George said, voice shaky with doubt. A tear rolled down to his jaw, and dream swiped it away with his finger.

“Oh, but you were,” Dream cooed, “you were. Not anymore, though.” He kissed George on the cheek. “I love you, little rabbit. I’ll always be there for you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! This chap was tough to get right since it has so much dialogue, and it was also Dream’s first POV! As always please let me know what you thought! If I don’t receive attention I will die!

Love

Chapter Summary

“Why are you so selfish?” George asked hoarsely, moving further away from Dream. “How can you think this is love?”

“I’m not selfish,” Dream said slowly, “I’m doing this for you because I love you. Love is a sacrifice, George. You’ll see that in time.” His words were so unerringly calm, still so sweet. It upset George because the man had no right to speak this way. He shook his head at Dream.

“Love is shared, love is between two,” George said bitterly. “It isn’t love because I don’t love you. If this was love you’d give me back my fucking shoes. You’d let me leave.”

Chapter Notes

Oh no, oh dear, oh it’s been a million years! Life’s been messy but I’m still not giving up on my fics. I’m sorry If I forget to reply to comments but I do read all of them. They really make my day <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was fear in George’s heart, not the pure, primal sort of fear he’d felt being chased through the forest. This fear was messy, unpredictable, melded with other feelings into a bittersweet concoction of reliance and reluctance. He couldn’t trust Dream. It simply wasn’t an option for him. The man had done too many bad things, and there wasn’t the feeblest doubt in George’s mind that he would do more.

Yet it was easy, too easy, to give in. He slumped against the hunter, the monster, and let his tears roll freely down his cheeks, let Dream wipe them away so delicately. George didn’t want this, didn’t want to be touched, comforting or otherwise. How should he be able to derive comfort from hands that had done such cruel things to him? Even for the sake of love, if that was any explanation, it was unjustified and undignified. He didn’t want Dream. He didn’t love Dream, and Dream couldn’t love him because no one ever had.

Dream’s fingers tugged softly at George’s hair, nails scraping lightly against his scalp as George buried his face in the other’s shirt. He sobbed, fell apart, cried until he couldn’t, until there was simply nothing left for his body to give. His only solace was that Dream’s hands stayed high as he whispered sweet nothings, words George couldn’t process and had no desire to. Though it was sickening, an embrace was warm. The heat of another body was something his desperately needed as he’d shook violently from the cold for hours.

It wasn't until he stopped, and collapsed like this, that he realized just how much everything hurt. His heart, his body, his mind. They were all so heavy.

Eventually that dip, that spell of despair was forced to end. George's hands stopped shaking, he dried his eyes, and then Dream was letting him pull away. His thoughts came back to him more clearly, delicately, blissfully numbed. There was no correct, specific way to feel, so perhaps he just felt every way he knew how to: tired, hurt, alone, angry, confused. The wish to forget, his body, and his heart was so powerful that perhaps just in that moment, it became a reality.

But when George dared to look Dream in the eyes everything came rushing back. It was so much, too much. He didn't even have tears left to cry, and what would have been sadness instead became a dry, quiet kind of anger. Cold crept back up in his exhausted body as he leaned his back against the wall, with no faith in his own ability to stand, no faith in himself at all. George just wanted to be safe, warm, loved, but he knew what Dream offered wasn't real, wasn't viable.

"Why are you so selfish?" George asked hoarsely, moving further away from Dream. "How can you think this is love?"

"I'm not selfish," Dream said slowly, "I'm doing this for you because I love you. Love is a sacrifice, George. You'll see that in time." His words were so unerringly calm, still so sweet. It upset George because the man had no right to speak this way. He shook his head at Dream.

"Love is shared, love is between two," George said bitterly. "It isn't love because I don't love you. If this was love you'd give me back my fucking shoes. You'd let me leave."

"I can wait for you to love me," Dream said patiently. "I've waited a long time, and I can wait longer." Dream reached out to George and ran his fingers through the other's hair, even as George tried to lean away from the touch. "But I can't let you leave until I know you'll come back. I had to take things from you because I know you can't leave without them, and I know you're not ready to leave, little rabbit."

"You'll be waiting a very long time," George replied, voice tired and shaky. "And don't call me that. I'm not an animal." He loathed the comparison, though perhaps it was the truth within it that stung the most.

"I think it's quite fitting." Dream laughed softly, ruffling George's hair as he cringed. "So soft and cute, always wanting to slip away from me. Your little heart beats so fast, but there's nothing to be afraid of. You're safe here. You're safe with me." George shook his head in protest, pulling even further away from Dream's touch. Safety wasn't feeling violated and trapped.

"You're a liar," George spat. As soon as he'd evaded the reach of Dream's arm something shifted. "You're a bastard." The corner of Dream's mouth twitched, his eyes lit up with an almost, youthful exuberance. Something old and exhausted lurked within those green pits, though. Tension snapped into his body like a snake before its strike. It came on too quickly. It was too familiar.

"I've been kind enough," Dream began, moving forward and seizing one of George's wrists with a crushing grip. "I've given you space. I was even going to cook for you tonight. Do you want to jeopardize my kindness?" Was George meant to cower? Was he meant to challenge? Last time it had been painful, but what could Dream do to him that he hadn't already done? Rage bubbled up inside George as he spoke.

"You've left me to rot for *days*," George growled, "you took away everything I had. You leave me here in this house so you can come home from wherever you've gone, just to have something warm in your bed. You're a selfish prick." Damn the consequences. There was anger and irritation in Dream's eyes, growing stronger with every word that slipped past George's lips. But, there was pain there too. George didn't care, the words rolled right off his tongue.

"I'll give you a chance to take that back." Dream's jaw set firmly. "The last thing I want to do is hurt you." It seemed like there was something writhing under his skin, itching to set itself free. How could someone so young already have something so evil, so unpredictable inside them?

"The only thing you do is please yourself," George retorted, tempted to try and retrieve control of his wrist. But he knew a fight with Dream wasn't something he could win with strength, not in this state, not in this body. "So don't do it," George added as if there had never been a more obvious solution. It was a challenge too, almost a threat, yet backed by a notion of feeble pleading. Though George was barely in a position to threaten he had a special kind of leverage here, the power of the hopeless, of nothing at all. He had nothing to lose, surely this couldn't get worse than it already had. He'd never expected to be brought so low in his life.

Conflict flickered and sputtered in Dream's eyes, rage like that last determined embers of a fire, refusing to go cold when smothered. Would he do it? Would he back away and finally give George some peace? He didn't want to have cried on Dream's shoulder, but even that pitiful comfort would be staunch by whatever Dream wanted to do. Whether that was to push George into his bed again or something else. The man hadn't hit him, and George couldn't be certain if he would or wouldn't do it. He'd done plenty of awful things. What were his limits? What Dream saw as intimacy, George could only see as torture. Where did Dream's 'love' end and where did his discipline begin?

That tension began to dull, the fire in Dream's eyes dwindled as George stared at him defiantly, almost hopefully. "I won't then," Dream said simply, anger replaced by something cold and calm as he got up onto his knees, and then his feet. "I'll admit I haven't been here enough, George. I should spend more time with you, talk with you more. It hasn't been long, but I'm sure it's felt, longer for you here." His voice was practical and apologetic, even as George refused to look up at him. He felt Dream looming over him. "Do you want to go outside?" He asked, and suddenly George felt a hand on his chin, lightly titling his head upwards. Then he could see Dream, bent down to look him in the eye.

George hesitated for a moment. Of course he wanted to go outside, he'd been stuck in this small, dreadful little house. It may have been cold outside, and the forest was dangerous, but he wanted to breathe fresh air, even just for a minute. But should he trust Dream to take him outside again? Last time he'd been out there he was being chased by the man, and perhaps he just had some, uniquely cruel punishment planned for George.

After several moments of consideration George nodded. “Yes,” he said steadily. “Are you going to let me?” He asked cautiously, wondering what the implications of this were going to be. But he desperately wanted to go *out*. Dream smiled softly at his reply.

“Well, you need your shoes first, don’t you?” Dream asked, and George froze.

“Can I have them?” Why would Dream suddenly trust George? Especially after he challenged the other so bluntly.

Dream nodded in agreement. “I’m going to take you somewhere.” George felt himself growing nervous at those words. “But if you want your shoes, and if you want to come with me, then you need to do something in return.” Nervousness shifted to a tight knot of fear in George’s stomach. He could already guess what Dream wanted from him, something he didn’t want to do again, but it was bound to happen anyway.

“What?” George asked tiredly. Dream dropped down to his knees in front of George, bringing his head down so their eyes were level. Intent of a different sort than normal glistened in Dream’s eyes.

“Tell me you love me,” Dream said softly, almost sadly, like a lover begging for attention, but more predatory. He would always be a predator.

The command made George feel nauseous. He couldn’t say it because it wasn’t true. He didn’t love Dream and he’d been adamantly clear about that. But was it worth it? To say what Dream wanted and perhaps get a small taste of freedom. Without knowing where Dream was taking him it was a risk to agree, but George needed to get *out*. If he was a rabbit then he needed to run, ideally far, far away from this place.

“Say it,” Dream said, “say it and I’ll take you somewhere new. I’ll let you go outside.”

Saying it didn’t make it true. Of course George didn’t love Dream. There was no scenario in which he’d ever be able to. But he wanted to *go* so bad, even just for a moment.

He looked up at Dream, throat dry, feeling like his mouth was sticking to itself. “I love you, Dream,” he said compliantly, emptily. In his whole body, he felt the urge to recoil, and retract the phrase. But he’d done it.

Dream patted him on the head. “Good little rabbit,” he praised. And if George could have he would’ve been sick all over the man’s trousers.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! I’m a little out of touch but I think I did pretty well on this chapter! As always, don’t forget to tell me what you think!

Also: <https://discord.gg/AzcYxnav6j>

Here's my discord server just in case you've missed it! It's very active and I share bits of writing there :) It's a little crazy but it's very friendly, nsfw supportive, and has a fun medieval theme. We also do a lot of rps!

DISCONTINUED

[Disclaimer: Applicable to all of my in-progress works] This fic is indefinitely discontinued, and it is extremely unlikely that I will be updating it again, though I may continue to post short things/oneshots.

Though I appreciate the comments I receive asking about updates or enjoying my/this work, do not expect updates.

(As this is my most popular work I chose to add this notice as a chapter here)

I have a challenge for you, yes you

Chapter Summary

Very important stuff. I may write again but I need your help.

Hey guys I know it's been literal ages but I just wanted to let you know that I've missed this. I went through a lot of personal development over the past year or so, and a lot has changed for me. I'm definitely not above writing weird smut now, but I'm writing an actual book.

It's been rough with motivation though, and honestly I'm an attention whore sooo I'm posing a challenge. I'll update fics, starting with this one if yall can make one of my works go viral on tiktok or something. I truly am only motivated by spite and if people are horrified by my work I'll be 10000% motivated to produce more.

Love you weirdos, thanks!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!